

REV. JOHN JASPER

A Wonderful Preacher—Report of one of His Sermons.

In the Baptist Argus last week, Doctor Wm. E. Hatcher gives his impressions of a sermon preached by the noted colored preacher, John Jasper, of Richmond, Va.

Imagine a Sunday afternoon at his church—a fair, inspiring day. His house was thronged to overflowing. It was the funeral of two persons—William Ellyson and Mary Barnes. The text is forgotten but the sermon is vividly recalled. From the start Jasper showed a burden and a boldness that promised rich things for his people.

At the beginning he betrayed some hesitation—unusual for him. "Lemme say," he said, "a word about dis William Ellersin. I say it at de fust an' git it off mer min'. William Ellersin was no good man—he didn't say he wus; he didn't try to be good, and da tell me he die as he live, 'out Gord an' out hope in de worl. It's a bad tale to tell on him, but he fix de story hisself. As de tree falls dar mus it lay. Ef you wants folks who live wrong to be preached and sung to glory, don't bring to Jasper. Gord comfute de monur and warn de onruly."

"But my bruthrin," he brightened as he spoke, "Mary Barnes wus diffrent. She wer wush'd in de blood of de Lam' and walk'd in white; her r'ligion wus of Gord. Yer could trust Mary anywhar; nuv'r cotch 'er in dem playhouses ner friskin' in dem dances; she wan' no street-walk'r tramping roun' at night. She love de house of de Lord; her feet elung to de strait and narrer path; I know'd her. I seen her at de parameetin'—seed her at de preachin' and seed her tendin' de sick and helpin' de mounin' sinners. Our Sister Mary, good bye. Yer race is run but yer crown is show'."

From this Jasper shot quite apart. He was full of fire, humor gleamed in his eye, and freedom was the bread of his soul. By degrees he approached the realm of death, and he went as an invader. A note of defiant challenge rang in his voice and almost blazed on his lips.

He escorted the Christian to the court of death, and demanded of the monster king to exhibit his power to hurt. It was wonderful to see how he pictured the high courage of the child of God, marching up to the very face of the king of terrors and demanding that he come forth and do his worst. Death on the other hand was subdued, slow of speech, admitted his defeat, and proclaimed his readiness to serve the children of Immanuel. Then he effected to put his mouth to the mouth of the grave and cried aloud: "Grave! Er Grave!" he cried as if addressing a real person. "Whar's yer vict'ry? I hur you got a mighty banner down dar, and you turrinizes ev'rybody what comes long dis way. Bring out your armies and furl foth your banners of vict'ry. Show your han' an' let em see what you kin do." Then he made the grave reply, "Ain't got no vict'ry now, had vict'ry but King Jesus pars'd through dis country and told my banners down. He say his people shan't be troubled no mo' forev'r; an' he tell me ter op'n de gates and let 'um pass on dar way to glory."

"Oh, my Gord," Jasper exclaimed in thrilling voice, "did yer hur dat? My Master Jesus done jerk'd de sting of death, done broke de scept'r of de king of turrin', and he dun gone inter de grave and rob it uv its victorious banners, and fix'd nice and smooth for his people to pass through. Mo' en dat, he has writ a song, a shoutin' anthim, for us to sing when we go thar, passin' suns and stars, and singin' dat song. 'Thanks be onter Gord—be onter Gord who give us de vict'ry thru de Lord Jesus Christ.' Too well I know that I do scant justice to the greatness of Jasper by this inadequate outline of his transcendent eloquence. The whole scene, distinct in every detail was before the audience, and his responsive hearer,

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Phlegmatic substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body, as is done by a healthy liver. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetable.

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were stirred into uncontrollable excitement.

"My bruthrin," Jasper resumed very soberly, "I oft'n ax myself how I'd behave meself ef I wus ter git ter heav'n. I tell you I would tremble de consequences. Eben now when I gits er glimpse—just a peep into de palis of de King it fairly runs me ravin' stracted. What will I do ef I gits thar? I 'spee I'll make er fool of myself, 'cause I ain't got de pritty ways and nice manners my ole maw's Sam Hargrove used to have, but ef I git thar they ain't to put me out. Mars Sam'll speak four me an' tell dem to teach me how to do. I sometimes think if I's lowed to go free, I spees to be free dar I tell you, b'lieve I'll jest do de town, walkin' an' runnin' all roun' to see de home which Jesus dun built for his people."

"Fust of all I'd go down an' see de River of Life. I lov's to go down now to de ole muddy James—mighty red an' muddy, but it goes 'long so gran' an' quiet like 'twas tennin' to business, but dat aint nothin' to the river which flows by de throne. I longs fer its christal waves, an' de trees on de banks, an' de all mann's of fruits. Dis ole head of mine oft'n gits hot with fever, aches all night an' rolls on de piller, an' I has many times desire to cool it in that blessed stream as it kisses de banks of dat upper Canaan. B'lieved be de Lord! De thought of seein' dat river, drinkin' its water an' restin' un'r dose trees— Then suddenly Jasper began to intone a chorus in a most affecting way, no part of which I can recall except the last line: "Oh, wat mus it be to be thar?"

"Af'r dat," Jasper continued with a quickened note, "I'd turn out an' view de beauties of de City—de home of my Father. I'd stroll up de avenue where de children of Gord dwells an' view der mannions. Father Abraham, I'm sure he got a grate palis, an' Moses what 'scorted

CONSTIPATION



difficulty in detecting it. Many a child has died from constipation, or illness arising from it, when it might have been saved by the timely use of

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This is the greatest remedy known for correcting constipated conditions. Don't wait until your child is affected, but administer a dose of the medicine occasionally.

You will notice a perceptible change for the better, a healthy color and a livelier disposition.

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de children of Israel out of bondage, thu de wilderness an' to de adge of de promised land, he must be pow'rful set up being such ar man as he is; and David, de King dat made de pritty songs, I'd like to see 'is home, and Paul, de mighty scholar who got struck down out in de 'maseous road, I want to see his mansion, and all of 'em. Den I would cut round to de back streets and look for de little home whar my savior set my mother up to house-keepin' when she got thar I 'spee to know the house by de roses in de yard an' de vines on de podh'."

As Jasper was moving at a feeling pace along the path of his thoughts, he stopped and cried: "Look dar, mighty sweet house, aint 'it lovely?" Suddenly he sprang back and began to shout with joyous clapping of hands. "Look dar, see dat on de do; hallelujah, it's John Jasper. Said he was gwine to prepare a place for me; dar it is. Too good for a po sinner like me, but he built it for me, a turn-key job, an' mine forev'r." Instantly he was singing his mellow chorus ending as before with: "Oh, wat mus it be to be thar?"

From that scene he moved off to see the angelic host. There were the white plains of the heavenly Canaan—a vast army of angels with their bands of music, their different ranks and grades, their worship before the throne and their pealing shouts as they broke around the throne of God. The charm of the scene was irresistible; it lifted everybody to a sight of heaven and it was real to Jasper. He seemed entranced. As the picture began to fade uprose his inimitable chorus, closing as always: "Oh, wat mus it be to be thar?"

Then there was a long wait. But for the subdued and unworldly air of the old preacher—full seventy years old then—the delay would have dissolved the spell.

"An' now, frens," he said, still panting, and seeking to be calm, "ef yer'll excuse me, I'll tak er trip to de throne an' see de King in 'is roy'l garmints." It was an event to study him at this point. His earnestness and reverence passed all speech, and grew as he went. The light from the throne dazzled him from afar. There was the great white throne—there, the elders bowing in adoring wonder—there, the archangels waiting in silence for the commands of the King—there the King in his resplendent glory, there in hosts innumerable were the ransomed. In point of vivid description it surpassed all I had heard or read. By this time the old negro orator seemed glorified. Earth could hardly hold him. He sprang onto the platform with a boy's alertness; he was unconscious of waving his handkerchief as if greeting a conqueror; his face was streaming with tears; he was bowing before the redeemer; he was clapping his hands, laughing, shouting and wiping the blinding tears out of his eyes. It was a moment of transport and unthought wonder to everyone, and I felt as if it could never cease, when suddenly in a new note he broke into his chorus, ending with the soul-melting word: "Oh, wat mus it be to be thar!"

It was climax of climaxes. I supposed nothing else could follow. We have been up so often and so high we could not be carried up again. But there stood Jasper, fully seeing the situation. "My bruthrin" said he as if in apology. "I dun 'forgot something. I got to take an' ther trip. I aint visit'd de ransum of de Lord. Carn't slight dem. I knows heab ov em an' boun, ter see 'em."

In a moment he had us out on the celestial plains with the saints in line. There they were—countless and glorious. We walked the hold line and had a sort of universal handshake in which no note of time was taken. "Hur's Brer, Abul, de fust man what got hur; Hur's Brer, Enoch whar took a stroll and straggled inter glory; hur's ole Ligie whar had her carriage sent fur 'im, an' comed a nigher way frum de city." Thus we went on greeting patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, his brethren and loved ones gone before until suddenly he sprang back and raised a shout that fairly shook the roof: "Here she is; I know'd sh'd get hur—why,

Mary Barnes, you got home did yer?" A great handshake he gave her and for a moment it looked as if the newly glorified Mary Barnes was the center of Jasper's thoughts, but as if by magic, things changed and he was singing at the top of his voice the chorus which died away amid the shrieks and shouts of his crowd with his plaintive note: "Oh, wat mus it be to be thar!"

Jasper dropped exhausted into a chair and some chief singer of the old-time sort, in noble scorn of all choirs, struck that wonderful old song. "When death shall shake my frame," and in a moment the great building throbbed and trembled with the mighty old melody. It was sung only as Jasper's race can sing, and especially as only Jasper's emotional and impassioned church could sing it.

The stern old orator, brave as a lion, rich in humor, grin and a dreamer whose dreams were full of heaven has uttered his last message, and have gone within the veil to see the real of his dreaming. If the grapes of Eschol were so luscious to him here, "Oh, wat mus it be to be thar!"

Do not Crowd The Season

The first warm days of spring bring with them a desire to get out and enjoy the exhilarating sun and sunshine. Children that have been housed up all winter are brought out and run wonder where they all came from. The heavy winter clothing is thrown aside and many about their families. Then a cold wave comes and people say that grippe is epidemic. Colds at this season are even more dangerous than in mid-winter, as there is much more danger of pneumonia. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, however, and you will have nothing to fear. It always cures, and we have never known a cold to result in pneumonia where it was used. It is pleasant and safe to take. Children like it. For sale by J. H. Chase, the leading druggist in western Ky.

OCTOGENARIAN'S LONG TRIP

Winsted, Conn., March 19.—William Nettleton, Bristol's most sprightly octogenarian, unaccompanied, started on a pleasure trip of 10,000 miles by rail. Attention called to the numerous railroad disasters since the year began had no effect on him. He had planned to go he said, and he was going, if he got in a smash-up or not.

He will go direct to Phoenix, Ariz., where he will visit friends, then to California, from where he will go to Seattle, Wash., and then to Butte, where he is interested in the water company of that city. Mr. Nettleton will return sometime in the Spring if the railroads spare him.

Hunting for Trouble

"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Charles Walters, of Allegheny, Sierra Co. No one hunting Mr. Walters; it cures every case. Guaranteed by Haynes & Taylor's 25c.

Post-Office Abolished.

Milton, Ky., March 20.—The post-office at Green, Ky., six miles below here, has been discontinued. The post-office building was washed away by the high water, and Postmaster F. L. Moreland immediately resigned. The postal authorities have been unable to get anyone to accept the place.

Neglected Colds Threaten Life

"Don't trifle with a cold," is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in the case of a child. Proper food, good ventilation, and dry, warm clothing are the proper safeguards against colds. If they are maintained through the changeable weather of autumn, winter and spring, the chances of a surprise from ordinary colds will be slight. But the ordinary light cold will become severe if neglected, and a well established ripe cold is to the germs of diphtheria what honey is to the bee. The greatest menace to child life at this season of year is the neglected cold. Whether it is a child or adult, the cold slight or severe, the very best treatment that can be adopted is to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is safe and sure. The great popularity and immense sale of this preparation has been attained by its remarkable cures of this ailment. A cold never results in pneumonia when it is given. For sale by Haynes & Taylor.

The New Pure Food and Drug Law

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy to children and adults.

Marion Milling Company's Products.

The makers name on a food article means a great deal to the consumer—also to the maker of the product if it has merit. The name Marion Milling Co., stands back of it—it means that the maker is proud to use his name in connection with the product.

The names "ELK" and "CROWN" is on all the flour products of the Marion Milling Co., because the makers are positive their flour is clean, honestly made, wholesome and satisfactory and that the product is a credit to their name.

When you buy the Marion Milling Company's flour product you know what you are getting, and you know that their guarantee behind it means something.

When you order from your grocer specify the Marion Milling Company's Flour and help a home industry, and same will be appreciated by your friends.

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We do not guarantee situations to poor, defective students in order to get their money. Schools of merit do not resort to such dishonest practices. Make schools "guarantee" situations in order to secure students, because they have no other inducements to offer. Our work is so thorough that a graduate is self-sufficient. Business men are anxious to get competent help here that a high percentage of our students take positions before they graduate. See us before making arrangements for your business and shorthand education in some inferior, fake school. We will take pleasure in telling you all about the opportunities in the "position guarantee" of our honest schools. Catalogue free.

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OF INTEREST

To All Suffering From Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Troubles.

For those who have Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Trouble of any kind, or fear that they are predisposed to any of these diseases, Dr. George Edmund Flood, the specialist on rheumatic diseases, gives us permission to publish the following simple but effective prescription which he uses in his practice, and to which he attributes his remarkable success: Fluid Cascara Aromatic, half ounce; Concentrated Barkola compound, one ounce; Fluid Extract Prickly Ash Bark, half drachm; Aromatic Elixir four ounces. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Plenty of good pure water should be drunk in addition so that the rheumatic poisons can be flushed from the system. Any druggist will put up the prescription or you may get the ingredients and mix them your self. The prescription is inexpensive, agreeable to take and, coming from such a successful specialist, is worthy a trial.

Man Drowns

Ashland, Ky., March 20.—William Wilson, merchant of Murphysville, was drowned last night while driving along the river bank just west of town. The highway caved into the river, carrying Wilson with his horse and carriage into the water. The rig reached shore, but the merchant has not been seen since.

Safe, Sure and Speedy.

No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successful as Alcock's Plasters. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drug and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes in to them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities goes right to their work relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of functions of muscles, nerves and skin. Alcock's Plasters are the original and genuine porous plasters and like most meritorious articles have been extensively imitated, therefore always make sure and get the genuine Alcock's.

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Sixty years ago Alcock's Plasters were first introduced to the public. They are to-day the world's standard plasters.

This invention has been one of the greatest blessings imaginable and affords the quickest, cheapest and best means of healing and relief for certain ailments, that has ever been discovered.

Alcock's are the original and genuine porous plasters and are sold by Druggists in every part of the civilized world.

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DENTIST

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LISTEN!

"We live in deeds, not years; thoughts, not breaths. In feelings, not in figures on a wall. We should count time by happy throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."



THE OLD WAY

Group can positively be stopped 20 minutes. No vomiting, no pain to sick or distress your child, sweet, pleasant, and safe Syrup, or Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure, does the work and does it quickly. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is for Croup alone, remember, does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Croup, that's all. Sold by Haynes & Taylor.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for each case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Dr. F. J. CHENEY & CO. Catarrh is the undiagnosed, base-knowledge for the last 15 years, and believe him, get honorable in all business transactions, and finally able to carry out any obligation and his firm. WASHINGTON, KINMAN & STEVENSON. Wholesale Druggists, Toronto, Ont. Dr. F. J. CHENEY & CO. is taken. Intercourse directly upon the blood and mucous membrane of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.